

A CHICAGO ROMANCE.

The Poor Reporter and the Rich Pork-packer's Daughter.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

A few years ago there was a young reporter on a Chicago newspaper who was in love with the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a rich and prominent citizen, whose aristocratic station is sufficiently indicated by the fact that annually his special commissioners stuck 163,000 hogs. He had some reason to believe that the beautiful daughter reciprocated his passion, in spite of the difference in their stations, and, accordingly, dressing himself as gorgeously as the united resources of the gentlemen of the city department—who were about of his build—would permit, he betook himself to the office of the mighty hog-destroyer, and asked without circumlocution for the m. h. d.'s daughter's hand and the rest of her. The haughty butcher of swine had just been showing a real live English Lord's third cousin's younger son through his pork conservatory, and was so much amazed at the reporter's presumption that he told him to get out of the office or he would have him tried down into lard in the shaking of a pig's tail.

"Beware, rash old man," replied the youth, "or I will bust thy crust and let out thy heart's blood. Thy fair daughter loves me. 'Tis enough."

"My fair daughter," said the blue-blooded owner of the swine upon a thousand hills—or, to speak more accurately, double-decked cars—"has shaken you; this morning she told me that she wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot marriage-license."

"Old man, it is false; thou liest!—thou givest me a sub-cutaneous injection of taffy!" exclaimed the reporter; but the heartless despot ran him out with unfeeling liveliness.

As the reporter went back he met the adored of his soul riding in the family carriage behind a coachman 64 years of age, and conversing fondly with a gilded butterfly who boards at the Palmer House. She saw her lover, who smiled a three-volume smile at her and lifted his—or, to speak more accurately, the base-ball reporter's—hat at her with bewitching grace; but to this horror she refused to acknowledge him—gave him the Cumberland cut direct.

The hapless reporter's blood boiled to ice within his veins, and he had hardly strength enough to stagger into a beer saloon and sink into a chair, muttering hoarsely "Ein bier!" "Ein bier!" he said to himself, with a bitter sneer, as, having obtained a conic section of Bologna-sausage and some brown bread and mustard, he seated himself at a table furnished with 75 per cent. of an old *Staats-Zeitung* and a stone match-box two feet in diameter containing a condemned match. "Ein bier!—aye, I wish I could see her appalling corpse lying before me on her bier; would that I could borrow a revolver and blow off her head, as I blow off the head of this lager."

Having thus given vent to his emotion, the unhappy young man sat down the half-emptied glass. The Bologna-sausage happened to be beyond, upon the table, and on looking pensively at it through the glass and beer he was startled to observe—but we must not anticipate.

"By Jove, I must have 'em, sure," he exclaimed in doubt and horror, and with a shudder he caught up the sausage and examined it closely. "I'm hanged if I can understand this," he said, after his inspection; then placing it upon the table he brought the beer-glass into position and gazed upon it again. "The beer and the convex lens of the glass must refract and magnify—that's what it is," he said; and, having tried the experiment with several other pieces of sausage, to the disgust of the proprietor, who remarked that that was a beer-saloon and not a hotel restaurant, he departed, happy in the consciousness that he had made a discovery before which the fame of Newton would pale.

Proceeding to the haughty old packer's factory he said, "I have been sent as a special commission by the *Whatsitsname* to obtain specimens of pork from all the packing-houses of Chicago, to institute analytical and microscopical tests, and show how infinitely superior our pork is to that produced by the rural hogs of St. Louis and Cincinnati."

The old man smiled proudly, and sent a special commissioner for a chunk of

pork, which, at the reporter's suggestion, he placed in a glass jar and sealed up.

"Here you are," said the pork-prince, affably; "just you say that my pork is the best, and I'll give you \$10. You can buy more beer with \$10 than you could with my daughter's hand, you know."

The reporter said nothing, but took the pork to an eminent microscopist, who examined it. Next morning the *Whatsitsname* had a clean scoop on all the other papers—the discovery of *trichina* in pork from the packer-prince's factory, 268,000,000 of them in a square inch, and an engraving of the animals magnified, which looked like a dipomaniac's nightmare.

Thus it was that trichinae was first discovered. What were the consequences? Nobody would buy any more pork from that packing-house; the old man was ruined; and when he tried as a last resort to marry his beauteous daughter off to the gilded butterfly that boarded at the Palmer House he discovered that she had been married two months before to the coachman.

Meanwhile, the reporter was elected an honorary or corresponding member of so many societies that the initials after his name took him four minutes to write, besides receiving gold and silver medals that he sold for from \$18 to \$64 each. Not only that, but the English Government engaged him for life as Trichinographer Royal to the Queen, at £5,000 a year. Inasmuch as he is a keen speculator, he is rapidly becoming rich. If he has a lot of pork to sell, all he has to do is to report that all the other pork is diseased, and immediately every body else's pork is destroyed, and an order in Council is published to say that it is prohibited to import any American bacon; then, when the market goes kiting up, he unloads. Then he sells 100,000 tierces for future delivery, say at 1d below the current price, and as soon as he has sold all any one will buy he reports that *trichinosis* has entirely disappeared, the prohibitory edict is removed, foreign pork comes in by millions of tons, and he covers his shorts at about twopence a pound profit. So much for a Romance of Science.

—A recent review of Burmese troops is thus described by an eye-witness. "The number of men drawn up on the parade ground was 5,000, including infantry and cavalry, in addition to which there were 85 elephants. The infantry looked like so many monkeys; for size and soldierly bearing they are utterly contemptible. The cavalry were mounted upon thin and puny ponies. The guns of the elephant battery were of no greater bore than the common English duck-gun. The Burmese were immensely excited over their warlike display; but it would be difficult to imagine any thing more ridiculous than such a sight to any one with the slightest acquaintance with the armies of Europe."

—Lucreria Mott, lately elected President of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, is probably the most active and intellectual woman of her age in the country. She is 86 years old. When 25 years old she became a Quaker preacher, and she has been speaking in public ever since. She takes as active and vigorous a part in meetings and conventions as she ever did. She ascribes her longevity, with excellent bodily and mental health, to her simple mode of living, her continual self-restraint, and her constant activity.

—The most shapely stocking that has ever made its appearance is the silk, or thread, ribbed in solid colors, and open-worked in small patterns. The ribs run up the instep to the ankle, and above the ankle, across or horizontally instead of upright; thus giving roundness to the leg. The prettiest stocking is the creamy silk, and thread embroidered in different kinds of grasses, in shades of dark green, olive, and brown.

—Mr. Alonzo Bryant and his whole family, living near Mt. Airy, N. C., were poisoned by eating wild honey. Mr. Bryant discovered the honey, carried two gallons of it home, and he and his family ate it for breakfast. Mr. Bryant was said to be lying in a critical condition. His wife and only two children are dead.

—The American Missionary Association has 13,000 Indians and 7,229 students under its care.

Youth and Age.

Youth commiserates Age because she can not share in his pleasures and follies, because she walks tottering, wears spectacles and a wig, or dresses her hair in a by-gone fashion, lives in the past, and has no glorious earthly future or career ahead; while Age is intolerant of Youth and his pastimes, his love-making, the cut of his coat, the color of his meerschaum, and his crude opinions. The young talk and conduct as if they were never to grow old; the old complain and criticize as if they had never been young. One would suppose that the first possessed some spell against the paralysis of Time, and that the second had never skipped rope, or staid out in the evening dew, or had never worn her clothes for vanity instead of comfort, or enjoyed the delicious nonsense of "sweet-and-twenty." The old person reminds us that girls were different in her day, though the main difference is in the point of view. In her days she regarded them with young eyes; she sees them now reflected in a Claude Lorraine glass, so to speak, wearing the ineffable charm of remoteness. The girl of the period is so close at hand that she has no claim to picturesqueness; all her angles are visible even to imperfect eyesight. "Old people's eyes are strongest for things a long way off, like their memories," says George Eliot. Those virtues about which the precious past has cast its glamour are quite plain to them, but these of the present are too near, too much a part of every day's commonplaces, for complete recognition. Perhaps it is because you're in the season of hope and beauty that the poets have all consented to espouse its cause and sing its praises, as if it alone possessed all the advantages the human soul could covet, as if age had not a poetry and pathos as well. Is there more poetry in looking forward to hopes that may succeed or fail than in looking backward to those that have disappointed us? Does not the fading rose touch the imagination more sensibly than the opening flower? "When I was young," is the poetry of the old, since we all look for it in "something afar from the sphere of our sorrow;" but does not something of the tender bloom of heart remain, whatever Byrons may say, although we fancy that it abides only with the bloom of youth?

Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

If age has gout and rheumatism, it is, at least, exempt from love-sickness, and immaturity, and the uncertainty of what things Fate may have in store; if "youth is nimble" on the road, age has not so far to travel, and can afford to take it easily; moreover, it has learned that heaven is not a place but a state, and that "youth's a stuff will not endure."—*Harper's Bazar*.

—For a simple and harmless cosmetic, one can recommend tincture of benzoin added to water until it assumes a milky hue and consistence. This is a fragrant wash, and infuses life into sluggish blood. Another is medicated soap, melted and made into balls, with finely ground oatmeal. Oatmeal and butter-milk together possess wonderfully beautifying qualities, and oatmeal by itself now occupies a place on many wash-stands, steeped in water in small quantities. Its balsamic qualities and glutinous oiliness make the flesh beautifully soft and white. A little lemon juice may be added advantageously.



THE
BALD
HEAD'S
FRIEND.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

CARBOLINE!

CARBOLINE!

A Deodorized extract of Petroleum,
The Only Article that Will Re-
store Hair on Bald Heads.

What the World has been
Wanting for Centuries.

The greatest discovery of our day, so far as a large portion of humanity is concerned, is CARBOLINE, an article prepared from petroleum, and which effects a complete and radical cure in case of baldness, or where the hair, owing to diseases of the scalp, has become thin and tends to fall out. It is also a speedy restorative, and while its use secures a luxuriant growth of hair, it also brings back the natural color, and gives the most complete satisfaction in the using. The falling out of the hair, the accumulations of dandruff, and the premature change in color are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp and the glands which nourish the hair. To arrest these causes the article used must possess medical as well as chemical virtues, and the change must begin under the scalp to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Such an article is CARBOLINE, and, like many other wonderful discoveries, it is found to consist of elements almost in their natural state. Petroleum oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results; but it is after it has been chemically treated and completely deodorized that it is in proper condition for the toilet. It was in far off Russia that the effect of petroleum upon the hair was first observed, a Government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and the result was in a few months a much finer head of black, glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from the cattle plague, and the results were as rapid as they were marvelous. The manes and even the tails of horses, which had fallen out, were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were heralded to the world, but the knowledge was practically useless to the prematurely bald and gray, as no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of refined petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome the difficulty, and by a process known only to himself, he has, after very elaborate and costly experiments, succeeded in deodorizing refined petroleum, which renders it susceptible of being handled as delicately as the famous *eau de cologne*. The experiments with the deodorized liquid on the human hair were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications, where the hair was thin and falling, gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, and the liquid so searching in its nature, seems to penetrate to the roots at once, and set up a radical change from the start. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and, by some mysterious operation of nature, the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light-brown color to the hair which, by continued use, deepens to a black. The color remains permanent for an indefinite length of time, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarcely detect its progress. In a word, it is the most wonderful discovery of the age, and well calculated to make the prematurely bald and gray rejoice.

We advise our readers to give it a trial, feeling satisfied that one application will convince them of its wonderful effects. *Pittsburgh Commercial* of Oct. 22, 1877.

The article is telling its own story in the hands of thousands who are using it with the most gratifying and encouraging results:

W. H. BRILL & Co., Fifth Avenue Pharmacy, says: "We have sold preparations for the hair for upward of twenty years, but have never had one to sell as well as give such universal satisfaction. We therefore recommend it with confidence to our friends and the general public."

Mr. GEORGE F. HALL, of the Grand Opera House, writes: "After six weeks' use I am convinced, as are also my comrades, that your 'Carboline' has and is producing a wonderful growth of hair where I had none for years."

C. H. SMITH, of the Jennie Hight Combination, writes: "After using your 'Carboline' three weeks I am convinced that bald heads can be 're-haired.' It's simply wonderful in my case."

B. F. ANTHONY, chemist, Holyoke, Mass., writes: "Your 'Carboline' has restored my hair after everything else had failed."

JOSEPH E. FORD, attorney-at-law, No. Attleboro, Mass., writes: "For more than 20 years a portion of my head has been as smooth and free from hair as a billiard ball, but some eight weeks ago I was induced to try your Carboline, and the effect has been simply wonderful. Where no hair has been seen for years there now appears a thick growth, and I am convinced that by continuing its use I shall have as good a head of hair as I ever had. It is growing now nearly as rapidly as hair does after it is cut."

CARBOLINE

Is now presented to the public without fear of contradiction as the best Restorative and Beautifier of the Hair the world has ever produced.

Price, ONE DOLLAR per bottle.
Sold by all Druggists.

KENNESY & CO., PITTSBURG, PA.,
Sole Agents for the United States, the Canada and Great Britain.